

THE RAVEN



MOVIE
MONSTERS

THE RAVEN

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Prologue	5
1. Dr. Vailis Saves a Life	6
2. The Dance of the Raven	12
3. Bateman Gets a New Face	16
4. Jean Gets A Scar	23
5. The Museum of Torture	30
6. Dr. Vailis Sets a Trap	35
7. Death Visits the Torture Room	41



The Raven, as in Edgar Allan Poe's stories and poems, is a symbol for death.

PROLOGUE

In the early 1800's, Edgar Allan Poe wrote tales of mystery and terror. Poe seemed to see the evil that lives in the human soul. Even today, people still shiver when they read his stories and poems.

Could Poe's horrors ever come to life? Of course not, we tell ourselves. But what if someone thought about Poe all the time? And what if that someone was also a mad, twisted genius? Would anyone want to spend the night in this person's house?

Universal Pictures made a movie in 1935 that answered these questions. The writers called it, "The Raven," after one of Poe's poems. They invented a mad scientist named Dr. Richard Vollin. Vollin was a genius who kept a stuffed raven on his desk. That wasn't so bad. The scary stuff was hidden in the cellar.

Here's what happened when Dr. Vollin really used some of the "torture machines" from Poe's stories --

1. DR. VOLLIN SAVES A LIFE

Jean Thatcher saw the DETOUR sign a second too late. Jean was tired and she wasn't driving carefully. She turned too sharply, and the car skidded. For a moment it hung on the edge of a cliff. Then it fell into the darkness.

An ambulance brought Jean to the hospital. She was still alive, but she was unconscious. Her face was pale under the bandages. She looked very small lying in the hospital bed.

The hospital phoned Judge Thatcher, Jean's father. A nurse showed him into her room. The Judge was an old man, and tonight he looked even older. Dr. Jerry Halden joined him. Jerry was Jean's boyfriend. The men were talking to Jean's doctor.

Dr. Cook shook his head. "The accident injured the nerves at the base of the brain," he said sadly. "If we operate on her brain at that spot, we might kill her. At best, she'll never dance again."

Judge Thatcher turned to Jerry. "You've got to save her! Dancing is her whole life. If you love Jean, do something!"

"There's only one man who can perform this



Jean's injuries were fatal. Judge Thatcher pleads with Jerry to find a doctor who can save her.

operation," Jerry said. "Dr. Richard Vollin! I'll call him right now."

Dr. Vollin lived in an old mansion outside of town. That night the doctor was meeting with Mr. Chapman from the museum. Chapman wanted to buy Vollin's collection of things that once belonged to Edgar Allan Poe. He listened as Vollin recited some lines from Poe's poem, "The Raven."

*Suddenly there came a tapping,
As of someone gently rapping,
rapping at my chamber door—
Open here I flung the shutter,
when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven*

Vollin's dark eyes burned as he stroked the stuffed raven on his desk. "The raven is my good luck charm," he remarked.

"That's an odd choice," Chapman said. "You've picked a bird that stands for death."

Vollin laughed. "Death," he replied, "is the one sure force in the world." He stared into space, as if he saw something Chapman couldn't see.



Dr. Vollin reaches deep into *The Raven* to Chapman.

Chapman changed the subject. "The museum will pay a good price for your Poe collection," he said.

Before Dr. Vollin could answer, the butler called him to the phone. It was Jerry Halden. Jerry begged Vollin to come to the hospital and operate on Jean.

"You know that I have retired from medical practice," Vollin said coldly. "I only do research now."

Judge Thatcher came on the line. "My daughter has had a serious accident," he said. "No one here can save her."

Vollin said, "No, I'm sorry," and hung up.

Judge Thatcher wasn't used to being turned down. He and Jerry decided to drive up to Vollin's mansion.

As Vollin was showing Chapman out he said, "Next time, I'll take you down to the cellar. That's where I keep my models. I have some of the lovely horror machines Poe wrote about."

Chapman was surprised. "That's an unusual hobby," he said.

"It's more than a hobby," Vollin replied with a strange smile. Just then, Judge Thatcher and Jerry drove up.

Dr. Vollin refused to listen to them. He didn't want their money. And he didn't care about Jean.

"Don't you have any human feelings?" Judge Thatcher asked.

"Death doesn't have the same meaning for me as

a bee for you," Volkin replied. He seemed bored by the talk.

Finally, Judge Thatcher tried a new argument. He told Volkin that no one else in the world could save his daughter.

That changed Volkin's mind. He loved to show off his skills.

The three men drove at once to the hospital. Volkin worked swiftly and surely. When he was finished, Jean was out of danger.

A few weeks later, Jean visited the doctor at his mansion. This was her last checkup before she started dancing again. Dr. Volkin played the organ for her.

"You're not only a great doctor," she said, "you're a great musician, too. You're almost a god."

Dr. Volkin smiled at that. He was falling in love with this beautiful woman. Jean also thanked him for helping Jerry find a better job. "It means we can be married sooner," she said.

"You don't owe me anything," Volkin replied. "I found him the job because he'll soon lose something else he loves." He tried to put his arms around her.

Jean moved away from him. She pretended she didn't know what he meant. "Are you coming to see my dance next month?" she asked. "I'll have a surprise for you."

"Nothing can keep me away!" Volkin told her.



Dr. Volkin checks the work left by his operation. He is falling in love with Jean — a terrible, obsessive love.

2. THE DANCE OF THE RAVEN

The theater was full for Jean's dance program. Her last dance was listed as a surprise. Finally, the curtain went up.

An old man sat at a desk. He read from a large book. Behind him, Jean moved lightly across the stage. She was dressed in a ballet costume.

The old man was an actor. He began reading a poem while Jean danced. The poem was Poe's "The Raven." Jean had chosen it as a present for Dr. Vollin. She used her graceful body to act out the poem as the actor read the words. It was a sad poem about the death of lovely Lenore. The poet loved her very much.

The audience clapped and clapped when the dance ended. Judge Thatcher and Dr. Vollin cheered from their special seats. Jean came back to take more bows. She blew a kiss to Jerry and another to her father.

Back in the dressing room, Jerry helped Jean remove her ballet slippers. Her friends crowded into the tiny room.

"Did they really like me?" Jean asked.

"No, not much!" Jerry teased her. "They only called you back ten times."

Jean smiled happily. "Oh, darling," she said, "isn't it wonderful that I can dance again? I owe it all to Dr. Vollin!"

Jerry kissed her. "All of our children will be dancers, too," he said. "I can see it now. The Fourteen Dancing Haldens!"

Dr. Vollin came in just then. He went directly to Jean. "Was the Raven dance your surprise?" he asked.

"Yes," Jean said, "I call it 'The Spirit of Poe.' I made it up just for you."



Vollin compliments Jean on her dress which she designed especially for him.

Judge Thatcher watched Vollen closely. He didn't like the way the older man put his hand on Jean's shoulder.

At Dr. Vollen's home the next day, one of the servants walked into the library. The man was surprised to see that part of the wall was rolled back. As the servant stared, Vollen stepped through a secret door. He was holding a test tube in his hand.

"I told you never to enter this room unless I send for you," the scientist said harshly.

The servant backed away. "I'm sorry, sir, but Judge Thatcher is here to see you."

"Show him in," Vollen said. He sat down at his desk. When he pressed a button, the secret door closed.

The room was back to normal when Judge Thatcher walked in. The Judge came right to the point. "Last night, I saw something that worries me," he said. "So, I asked Jean about it. And she told me the truth."

Judge Thatcher stopped. He seemed nervous. Then he went on. "She is in danger of falling in love with you. I understand that, of course. You did save her life, Dr. Vollen."

Vollen stood up. He looked angry, but he didn't speak.

"Look," Judge Thatcher said, "you know that Jean is going to marry Jerry. We can't let her get any ideas about you, can we?"

"Is Jean in love with me?" Dr. Vollen asked in a quiet voice.

"No, you're more like a hero to her," Judge Thatcher replied. "But that's not the point. Surely you don't want a young girl in love with you."

Now Vollen's voice rose. "You asked me once to save her from death! Now you ask me to save her again — from me!" Vollen was so angry he crushed the test tube he was holding. He didn't notice the broken glass.

The violence surprised Judge Thatcher. Suddenly he knew the truth! Dr. Vollen really wanted Jean to fall in love with him!

"Please don't see her any more," the Judge begged. "You're getting old, and you look yourself away in this lonely house. She could never be happy here. What was the point of saving her life if you destroy her happiness?"

Dr. Vollen's voice rose to a shout. "Shut up, you fool! Not see her again? Jean is part of me now. She's here, inside my brain. She torments me! You must send her to me!"

"You're mad," Judge Thatcher cried out. "I came here with a simple request. Now I see that you're a madman! Good day, Dr. Vollen!"

Vollen caught the judge's arm as he tried to leave. "Jean will cure me," he said. His eyes burned with an insane light. "Send her to me, Judge," he repeated, "or something terrible will happen to you!"

3. BATEMAN GETS A NEW FACE

Edmond Bateman looked at the name and address again. Could he trust the man who sold it to him? He didn't know. But he had to do something. The police were looking for him. Maybe this Dr. Vollen could solve his problem.

Bateman hurried toward the Vollen mansion. He took the back streets and kept his face hidden. "It's all because I'm so ugly," Bateman thought. "I've got to change the way I look!"

Dr. Vollen wasn't surprised to see Bateman. He invited the tall, powerful man into his office. "You're Edmond Bateman," he said. "I saw your picture in the newspaper."

"That's why I'm here," Bateman said. "I want you to change my face."

"I don't do that kind of work," Vollen told him.

Bateman's face showed his anger. He pulled a gun from his pocket. "I heard a different story, Doc. I heard you're good at fixing people's faces."

The gun didn't worry Vollen. He knew that Bateman needed him. And perhaps he could use Bateman. "Put that gun away," he said. "I can fix your face. I know a way."



Bateman threatens to shoot Dr. Vollen if he doesn't help him.

Bateman put down the gun. "Good. Any way is okay by me."

Dr. Vollen looked hard into Bateman's eyes. "First, there's something you must do for me. It's in your line of work."

"What is it?" Bateman asked.

"You might call it torture and murder," Vollen smiled.

"No! I don't do things like that!" Bateman protested.

"No? You shot your way out of jail last week, didn't you? And left two guards dead? Then there was that bank in Arizona a year ago. You burned the bank clerk with a gas torch, as I remember." Voffin enjoyed playing with the slow-thinking man. "Yes, this is your line of work. Do my job, and I'll change your face."

Bateman didn't want to work for Voffin. "No," he said, "let me pay you. I've got money."

Voffin shook his head. "I don't want your money," he said. "But if you're afraid of the police, you can stay here after the job is done."

Bateman covered his face with his hands. "I'll tell you something, Doc. People look at me and say, 'You're ugly.' That makes me feel mean. If a man looks ugly, he does ugly things. So don't ask me to do this job for you. When I look good, I won't do bad things any more."

Dr. Voffin pretended to agree with Bateman. He had a plan to make the criminal work for him.

"I'll do the operation right away," Voffin said. He opened the secret door. Bateman followed him down some stairs to the laboratory in the cellar.

Bateman backed away when he saw the doctor's tools. Voffin told him to relax. "Look," he said, "the operation is simple. The secret is in the nerves that

control your face muscles. I know how to change them."

Voffin looked away. His mouth curved in an evil smile. "In fact, I can make you look any way I choose," he whispered to himself. He gave Bateman a shot to deaden the pain.

An hour later, Bateman woke up. The operation was over. His face was covered with a layer of bandages.

"Do I look different?" He felt his face with his hands. "My eyes feel strange," he said. "And my mouth."

Voffin started cutting away the bandages. "That will go away," he said.

"I want to see myself," Bateman demanded.

"All right. Just wait here," Voffin said. He left the room and closed the door.

Bateman found a mirror behind a curtain. He stared at his face. What had gone wrong? He was uglier than ever! His crooked face was twisted out of shape. One eye was higher and larger than the other! A groan of pure animal pain sounded in his throat.

Like a man in a dream, Bateman drew his gun. He fired at the mirror. Glass crashed to the floor. He fired again and the rest of the mirror broke apart. Bateman kept pulling the trigger. He shot at anything that showed his hateful face.

Then Bateman heard Voffin laughing at him. The



Belmont sees his cultured face and shouts at the visitors.



doctor was watching him through a window. Bateman pointed the gun at Volkin, but it was empty. He threw the gun at the window, but it only bounced off the heavy glass.

Volkin opened the window. "Are you ready to do a job for me?" he asked.

Bateman's reply was a snarl. "You fix my face!"

"You really are ugly," Volkin told him. "Use that ugliness to create hate. Then you'll be able to do what I want."

Bateman was begging. "Make me look good!"

"I'll do it," Volkin promised. "You'll look good, just the way you want to look. But first, you must do this job. Do you agree?"

Bateman nodded. Volkin handed him a servant's outfit and told him what to do.

"Now, be quick about it," Volkin said. "I have guests coming in an hour."

4.

JEAN GETS A SCARE

Jean Thatcher and Jerry Halder were already on their way to Volkin's mansion. Jean sounded worried.

"Jerry," she said, "I wonder if Dad will be angry. He seemed so upset when I told him we were going to Dr. Volkin's party."

"Now, don't start that again," Jerry said. "Old Doc Volkin's an okay guy . . . mostly."

"I do agree with Dad that he's a little mad," Jean said. She tried to make a joke of it.

Jerry only shook his head. "Well, aren't we all a little mad? What of it?"

Jean had another worry. Again, she tried to make a joke of it. "You know you're taking a chance, taking me to see Dr. Volkin like this," she said.

"How?" Jerry was driving carefully. The road up to Volkin's hallsp was steep and narrow.

"I think he may be in love with me," Jean told him.

Jerry refused to worry. "Yeah, I'll bet," he teased. "just like every other man who meets you."

Jean's fears went away when they reached the party. Everyone was having a good time. Dr. Volkin was smiling as he handed out food and drink. The



The guests at Dr. Volten's party play a horse racing game.

group played a horse racing game and made bets on the toy horses.

Dr. Volten saw Jean and Jerry standing in a dark corner. He frowned when Jerry gave Jean a kiss.

Jean pulled away, laughing. "Now I have to go upstairs and fix my hair. I'm a real mess, I know."

The others stayed in the game room. Suddenly, one of the women screamed. She had seen Bateman.



Bateman's entrance at the party causes a commotion

standing in the doorway. His face seemed more inhuman than ever. Volkin hurried to him.

"There's a man to see you," Bateman said. Volkin left the room, but Bateman stayed. He stared at the guests. They felt as though a monster was watching them.

Volkin returned with Judge Thatcher. They talked quietly in a corner.

"I'm sorry for what I said the other night," Volkin told him. "I want you to forget it, please."

The Judge had his mind made up. "One can't forget a man saying —"

"I wasn't myself," Volkin broke in. "You owe me a debt for saving Jean's life. You can wipe it out by forgiving me."

Judge Thatcher felt trapped. He agreed to forgive the doctor and shook his hand. Volkin called to Bateman. He told him to go upstairs and tell Jean that her father was here.

Jean was combing her hair. Bateman's face showed in the mirror when he opened the door. The girl screamed and ran out of the room.

Downstairs, Jean held on to her father. "Oh, Dad, I'm so glad you're here," she said. "I was looking in a mirror when the door opened. An awful looking man was standing there!"



Jean sees Robinson's face reflected in the mirror



Dr. Yollin was quick to explain. "Oh, you must mean my servant. Poor fellow, Come to my library, and I'll tell you all about him."

When everyone was seated, Yollin made up a story. "I knew Robinson in the French Foreign Legion. We were fighting in the desert. Bandits captured him. They cut his face and tortured him. They were clever — almost as clever at inventing torture as

Edgar Allan Poe."

"Dr. Yollin is very interested in Poe," Jean explained to the other guests.

"Why are you so hooked on that old poet, Dr. Yollin?" Judge Thatcher wanted to know.

Yollin didn't answer. He petted the stuffed raven on his desk. In the dim light, the black bird looked almost alive.

5. THE MUSEUM OF TORTURE

Jerry broke the silence. "That's a strange thing to have around the house," he said. "Isn't the raven called the Bird of Death?"

"That's true," Volkin answered calmly. "But let me tell you about Poe. The man was a genius. Like all great men, he wanted to do great things in the world."

Everyone was listening. Volkin's voice was low and filled with feeling.

"Poe had the brains to do great things," he said. "But he fell in love — her name was Lenore. Someone took her away from Poe, and he went mad." Volkin looked at Jean and her father. Then he went on. "His brain didn't think clearly any more. He began to think of tortures for those who hurt him."

Jean looked surprised. If Dr. Volkin loved Poe, and Poe loved torture . . . ? Something was wrong! Before she could say anything, Volkin spoke again. He was explaining how he felt about death and torture.

"As a doctor," he said, "I don't see pain the same way you do. I want to know everything about it. How much pain can a man stand, for example?"

Jerry was quick to argue the point. "I'm a doctor, too, and I fight pain. I want to help people. I want to do away with pain."

The other guests stood up. They didn't want to hear an argument. Everyone agreed that it was time for bed.

Jean spoke to Barbara as she was leaving. "I'm sorry I screamed," she said. "You came into the room so suddenly, I wouldn't have been afraid, otherwise."

Barbara's ugly mouth couldn't make a smile, but



Jean apologizes to Barbara for screaming when she first saw her.

Jean saw his face soften. She smiled back and went upstairs with the others.

Outside, a fast-moving storm shook the old house. Heavy raindrops pounded on the roof. Tree branches scratched against the windows.

Judge Thatcher took Jerry into the room Jean was using for the night. "Dr. Vollin is totally mad," he warned them. "You came here against my wishes. But it isn't too late to pack up and go home."

"Why do you think he's mad?" Jerry asked.

"It started with some things he said the other day," the Judge replied. "And you heard him tonight. He was talking about torture!"

"Oh Dad, that was just talk," Jean said. "He's not going to cut our throats while we sleep."

Just then the door opened. Bateman stood in the doorway. His one good eye stared at Jean.

"Get out of here!" Judge Thatcher shouted. Dr. Vollin came quickly when he heard the Judge's voice.

Vollin was angry at Bateman. "What are you doing here? Go downstairs!" he ordered. To the others, he said, "Don't be afraid. He must have come to help you unpack."

With that, everybody went to bed. Judge Thatcher was still worried, but he didn't know what else to do.

Vollin hurried downstairs. He and Bateman went through the secret door. This time Vollin led the way to a cellar below the house.

"Bateman, I want to show you my museum," he said proudly. "This is a museum of torture!" Cages and chains hung from the walls. "These are fine old pieces, aren't they? But I warn you, they're all ready for use!"

The two moved on to a second room. Dark shadows fell on his evil-looking machines. "This is my



Dr. Vollin shows Bateman his museum of torture.

best effort," Vollin said proudly. "Do you know Poe's story, 'The Pit and the Pendulum'? A man was tied to a table like that one," Vollin went on. "When the man heard a noise above his head, he looked up. He saw a swinging knife. Slowly, with each swing, the knife came lower."

Vollin walked to the table. "See, these are manacles — strong clamps to hold the victim. They snap shut when I pull that lever over there." The doctor lay down on the table to show Bateman how it worked.

"When the manacles catch your wrists and ankles, you're helpless," he went on. "In fifteen minutes, the knife cuts to the heart." Vollin lay back and put his hands in the manacles.

Suddenly, Bateman pulled the lever. The manacles closed. Vollin was a prisoner. Above him, the razor-sharp knife started to swing slowly back and forth. It looked like a giant ax blade.

"Let me go!" Vollin ordered. "If anything happens to me, you'll live with that ugly face forever."

Bateman put his hand on the lever. He looked at Vollin, and looked at the swinging knife. Slowly, he pulled the lever back. The manacles opened.

Vollin sat up, rubbing his wrists. He was smiling, pleased with his victory over Bateman. The sounds of the storm outside reached the ceiling.

"Come on," Vollin said. "We have work to do!"

6. DR. VOLLIN SETS A TRAP

Jean had just fallen asleep in her bedroom. A trapdoor in the floor opened slowly and quietly. Bateman started to climb out.

Outside, the wind blew even harder. A branch knocked the window open with a crash. Jean woke up. She saw Bateman, half out of the trapdoor. He ducked down and closed the trapdoor.

Jean ran to Jerry for help. When he turned on the lights in Jean's room, he couldn't find anything.

"It's just the wind, darling," Jerry told her. "You only thought you saw a man coming out of the floor." Jerry kissed her and waited until she fell asleep again before leaving.

Dr. Vollin was not amused by Bateman's adventure. "Why did you sneak into Miss Thatcher's room?" he demanded. "The girl does not concern you!" Vollin hit Bateman with a whip. "Stay away from her!" he snarled.

By then it was 11:00 p.m. Vollin sent Bateman to do his job.

The powerful Bateman slipped into Judge Thatcher's bedroom. He threw back the covers and picked up the older man. The Judge cried out as

Bateman dragged him down the stairs.

Jerry heard the creak and ran out into the hallway. Bateman had already taken the Judge downstairs to the library. Jerry ran after them. The secret door was closing when Jerry burst into the library. He pounded on the wall, but the door wouldn't open.

Bateman carried the Judge into the torture room. Volkin was waiting for them.



Bateman carries Judge Thatcher into the cellar. Volkin is waiting for him.

"Hello, Judge Thatcher," Volkin said. "I am sure you can hardly stand up. Bateman, see that the Judge lies down."

Bateman threw Judge Thatcher onto the torture table and held his hands. Volkin pulled the lever and the manacles closed. The knife began to swing back and forth. The clock read 11:15.

"You have fifteen minutes to live," Volkin said.



The swinging knife starts its descent toward the hapless Judge.

"You tortured me. Now I will torture you."

The Judge watched the swinging blade. He tried to keep his voice calm. "That's crazy, Volin. How did I torture you?"

Volin's eyes blazed. "You didn't do as I asked! Jean was inside my brain, and it was torture. Now I know how Poe felt about his lovely Lancelotti." His mad laughter rang through the cellar. "You should have sent her to me!"

As he laughed, Volin walked to a control panel. He threw another lever. The grinding sound of gears turning filled the room.

Upstairs, Jean's bedroom began to move. Her room was like a giant elevator! She called for help, but no one could hear her. She pulled on the door, but it was locked.

The door slid open when the room reached the cellar. Jean saw Volin looking at her. Behind him, she saw the torture room. The knife was lower now.

"I have a nice surprise for you," Volin said. Then he locked her in.

Jerry heard Jean's screams, but he couldn't reach her. He woke up Geoffrey and Mary, two of the other guests. Then he picked up the telephone to call the police. Down in the cellar, Volin was quicker. He pushed a button and the phone went dead.

Volin had fun playing with his control panel. He pulled a different lever, and metal walls closed off

the library. Jerry, Geoffrey, and Mary were trapped in a steel cage.

Jean's cries upset Volin. He told Bateman to shut her up. Bateman looked into Jean's room. "Stop the noise," he said.

Jean knew Bateman liked her. "Will you help me?" she asked.

"No!" Bateman said. "Volin is going to fix my foot."

"He's mad," Jean argued. "He won't help you. If



Jean's bedroom has been lowered into the cellar. Bateman is waiting for her.

you'll help me get out of here, I swear I'll help you."

Bateman turned away from her. He liked Jean. But only Vollin could repair his ugly face! As he left the room, he saw Vollin throwing another lever. The dungeon clock now read 11:20.

In the library, the secret door opened. "Don't go in there," Mary told Jerry. "It's a trap."

"I'm going in," Jerry said. Geoffrey and Mary were afraid. But they followed Jerry down the dark stairs. Ahead of them, they heard Jean calling for help.



Jerry leads the way down the stairs into the cellar. Is it a trap?

Dr. Vollin waited by the control panel. He looked at Bateman. "You know what to do," he said.

7. DEATH VISITS THE TORTURE ROOM

Jerry ran into the torture room. The first person he saw was Bateman. The ugly man was standing by



Jerry enters the torture room and sees Bateman.

Judge Thatcher The knife swung only a foot above the Judge's chest.

Jerry raced over and grabbed Bateman. The two men fought. Geoffrey and Mary ducked under the



Jerry and Bateman struggle

swinging blade and tried to rescue the Judge. Geoffrey couldn't open the manacles.

"The servant must have the key," Judge Thatcher shouted.

Jerry heard Jean calling his name. He broke away and ran toward her voice. Bateman followed him.

Vollen was in the room with Jean. He held a gun in his hand. "Bring Jerry in here," he called to Bateman.

When he wasn't looking, Jean slipped out of the room. Jerry was running ahead of Bateman. He and Jean ran into each other's arms. When they looked up, Vollen was holding his gun on both of them.



Jean and Jerry meet their grim fate

"Well, you're just in time for a wedding," Volin laughed. "Now, Bateman, pull that special lever."

Part of the wall slid open. Behind the wall was a small room. The walls were made of steel.

"This is my gift to you two," Volin said. "You will live here, forever and ever! It's not much, but your love will make it beautiful."



Dr. Volin tells Bateman what he has in store for Jean and Jerry

He forced Jean and Jerry into the room with his gun. "I'll soon be rid of you, my torture," he said to Jean. "Then my genius can grow and flower!"

The door closed on the two lovers. The clock read 11:36.

"What happens in that room?" Bateman asked. Volin's laughter was more insane than ever. "It's



another of Poe's madmen. The walk close in, little by little."

Bateman thought about that. "The girl? Dead? Crushed to death?"



Bateman knew the caution! But Dr. Vollin did Jean.

Dr. Vollin's laughter was his only answer.

At 11:26 Bateman made up his mind. "No!" he shouted. He reached for the levers on the control panel.

"What are you doing?" Vollin demanded.

"First, I let her go," Bateman screamed at him.

"Touch that switch, Bateman, and I'll never fix your face," Vollin warned.

Bateman's big hand closed on the lever. Vollin cried, "Stop!" but Bateman pulled the lever.

Vollin raised his gun and shot him. Bateman spun around, badly wounded. He lurched away as the door to the crushing room opened. Jean and Jerry tumbled out, safe for the moment.

Vollin forgot everything but his anger at Bateman. He ran after the big man. Bateman turned and caught Vollin in his powerful arms. Vollin's head banged on the stone floor as they both fell.

Bateman pulled himself to his feet. He picked up Vollin and dragged him into the crushing room. Then Bateman crawled to the control panel. As he fell to the floor, he pulled the lever once more. Strong grips drove the walls toward each other. This time Dr. Vollin was caught between them.

By now, the knife was less than an inch from Judge Thatcher's chest. They quickly looked for a way to open the manacles. Geoffrey found a key in Bateman's pocket. The key freed the lever that opened the manacles. Jerry helped Judge Thatcher

slide out from under the swinging blade.

It was too late to save Dr. Vallin. They heard one scream from the room. Then there was only silence.

Jean hurried to her father. "Oh Daddy! What did he do to you?" she asked him. Tears ran down her cheeks.

"I'm all right," Judge Thatcher said in a shaky voice. "We're all safe now."

Behind them, they heard Bateman groaning. Jean ran to him. He saw her and smiled as he died. For once, he didn't look ugly.

"Poor Bateman," Jean said. "He gave his life to save us."

Jerry put his arm around her waist. "Yes," he said. "He saved us from being crushed to death. I think I'd better finish the job, don't you? Only I'll hold you gently in my arms."

With Jerry's arm around her, Jean led the way out of the cellar. In the library, she stopped to take a last look at the raven. Jerry felt Jean shudder.

"The raven almost won the Bird of Death for us," Jean said.

THE RAVEN

Dr. Vollin performs a brain operation on a beautiful young woman and is attracted to her. An escaped criminal then wants the doctor to change his features by plastic surgery. The doctor makes something awful out of the criminal's face. He promises to correct the surgery only if the criminal will help him win the love of the young woman.

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